

Verses dedicated to the Loyal Canadian Society at their
meeting on the Battle Heights at Queenston,
October 13th, 1884.

He best doth serve the race of men,
Who serves his native country best.
Pledge Canada, my friends, and then
A health to England every guest.
This B. A., which we love and prize,
Which of us ever holds the helm ;
We're English under western skies,
We're *offshoots* of her spacious realm.

CHORUS.

Hands round, my friends,
The annexator's plots confound,
Drink to freedom's cause, my friends,
And to the new Dominion round and round.
Grant that our enterprize won't fail
Through fetish fears of being great ;
We've paddled where no ships could sail
Through realms composed of our estate.
To all our statesmen, so they be
Leaders to where we do aspire,
To all our Parliaments who see
Beyond the borough and the shire.—CHO.
Our *chestnut tree* is sprouting fast,
With larger growth from day to day :
He is not recreant to the past
Who gives his sturdy shoots their way.
Great is our spacious land and strong
The England of the Northern Pole ;
To all the Loyal hearts who long
To keep our new Dominion whole.—CHO.

J. P. MERRITT.